HERALD

FEB 16, 1944 HICKS FIELD

AN EDITORIAL

This editorial is primarily to you members of the upperclass, although it will be applicable to you men of 44H in another four weeks. The class system is no longer in effect here at Hicks, but the upper class is still in a large way responsible for the lower class. Though they have no disciplinary powers over the lower group, their behavior directly affects that of the lower class. This respect is due to the fact that the upper class has already gone through what the other group has yet to accomplish. So as the upper class conducts themselves, so will the lower class.

You men of 44G are already leaders, because of the manner in which you conduct yourself will be closely followed and imitated. Start taking this responsibility seriously now, for your importance as a leader increases with each phase of your training. In spite of the glorification of the bombardier and the navigator, the pilot is still the man who is in command and at all times responsible for the success of a mission and the well-being of his crew.

This all brings us back to the old subject of Honor. Forgetting all the often quoted platitudes and corny appeals to our nobler instincts, let's see what Honor means to us from a purely selfish point of view.

It's quite possible that you'll be flying with some of your lower classmen some day and your life may depend on what they have learned - or vice versa. Furthermore, you know that they will have to be depended upon, whether you like it or not. You won't be able to carry a crib sheet then, and if these other men have followed your example, I'm sure you won't want to depend on them

Think it over Misters, <u>you</u> are the ones that will be the losers when you foul up in your training!

THE EDITOR

WEDNESDAY NIGHT REVERSE

Last Wednesday night was a visitor's night in reverse for the upper class who went to Stripling High School to attend a play given by the actor's guild of Tarrant Field for the Cadets and their parents, wives and friends. The name of the play was "Room Service" and was presented in three acts. It was a hilarious comedy of a flat broke producer and his associates, likewise as broke as he was. His attempt to bluff his way out of a tremenduous hotel bill and produce a play called "Godspeed" were time and again befuddled by the intrusions of Mr. Wagner, the supervisor of the corporation which owned the hotel. All in all it was tops in comedy value and the enlisted men and WAC taking part in the play itself and also the others helping backstage with properties, etc. deserve four stars for their efforts. Plaudits also go the way of the band which furnished the rhythm for the evening.

The real surprise of the evening for the Cadets came after the show on the way home, when several of the station wagons stopped for a bite to eat, which consisted for the most part of steaks. It seems the girls driving hadn't had time to eat before picking up the Cadets and by the time the play was over, they were really famished and had to have something to eat. and of course, their passengers were all for the idea. This delayed the homeward trip for perhaps an hour and a half, but proved to be a wonderful morale builder. Here's to more "Wednesday night reverses".

We are also taking this opportunity to render our thanks and appreciation to Miss Pit Steele, who has been chauffeuring your editor and associates to town and back ever since we've been here. Our orchids to you, Pit, we're all for you!

FORT WORTH'S FASTEST GROWING NEWSPAPER
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THOSE BARRACKS PILOTS

The barracks pilots are still going great guns. In case some of you none too gentle readers are not informed as to what a barracks pilot is, well, we don't know how he flies, but you should hear him talk, yeah man!! We're earnestly seeking the chief of all barracks pilots and thus far, the unanimous choice is for one Mr. Louis C. Silvas of Drum and Bugle Corps fame. Cadet Silvas claims to have blacked out at least once during one of his intricate maneuvers and he and the B-24's are practically related! L.C. has more lower classmen following him around asking for pointers and gobbling up every word he tells them than the Pied Piper had mice. Won't you say a few words, Louis? That's enough! Now after hearing of Cadet (Center Section) Ward Popenoe's singular and undoubtedly harrowing experiences, we're a little inclined his way. He soared to the unheard of altitude of 13,000 feet, wound up and completed 22 turns before pulling out of a spin at 6,000 feet!! (This definitely proves that the altitude affects you as well as the brunettes) As for the "Center Section" we'll let "Pope" himself tell you about that. Now, we leave it up to you, dear reader, and if you hear of any outstanding examples that are truly noteworthy, won't you pass them on to a Herald man?

NOTICE TO CLASS 44-H

Here is a golden opportunity for some of you more eager beavers that have journalistic tendencies. You men of the lower class will take over the Herald when we leave, and the privileges that go with it. Those of you that are interested in it, contact Mr. Schoning in B-2.

NEW POINT SYSTEM INSTALLED

By now most of you are probably acquainted with the new point system just recently established here at Hicks. It works something like this. Points, ranging from plus 2 to minus 2 are awarded to each squadron separately for various formations including drill, PT, ground school and inspections. At the end of each fiscal week, the squadron with the most points (each squadron starts with 50) will recieve an extra open post on friday night, unless a regular open post is scheduled for that night, in which case it will be given some time the following week. This system applies to the lower class as well as the upper class, so there will be four squadrons (A, B, C and D) participating. That open post is really worth working for fellows, so let's get off to a good start and make all our points positive.

BARRACKS POW - WOW

The other night a bunch of the boys were gathered around one of the tables in barracks B, cussing and discussing their various tactical officers since they had entered training. Some of the remarks varied from "How did he ever get to be an officer?" to "He's almost human". After a lengthy discussion stretching from our basic training centers through Pre-Flight we arrived at Primary and met our newest tactical officer, Lieutenant John J. Motto. Here the opinions were unanimous. Lt. Motto is tops! And we mean unanimous, for there wasn't one Cadet that didn't share this opinion. Analyzing the situation, we find this popularity due to several reasons. First of these is the way Lt. Motto earnestly undertakes the trying job of understanding the Cadets and their problems. The Cadets appreciate the chance given them each week to let off steam and unburden their woes to their tactical officer, and he does something about them instead of listening and letting it go at that. Lt. Motto is almost as young as we are, as was shown by his recent wedding to Miss Martin of T. C. U., and this we believe, is a good reason why we are all for Lt. Motto, our newly married tactical officer who understands Cadets.

FREAK OF THE WEEK

A three point landing gave this week's candidate his start. Yep, three points, two front wheels and the nose. Thursday was the day when our misquided friend found himself gazing from the cockpit of his PT 19 at a very peculiar angle. Now ground looping a PT in itself is not enought to demand mention in this honorable column, for even the best of us make a mistake now and then, but this HP just didn't seem to be able to take any joking over the matter. The following evening, when in the line of duty, he had to pass among the various barracks after taps some of the fellows had planed a little good natured ribbing about the incident. Well, everything went off as planned and when the person in question passed through the bay one of the gentlemen happened to causually mention in the darkness, that he understood a certain member of the post had dropped in a plane and slightly dented the nose and landing gear of a plane. At this remark, our victim pulled up every inch of his rank and bellered "AT EASE". Now this is not the ideal move to make among a bunch of good natured Cadets in a joking mood. Again the stillness was broken by a voice saying, joshingly, "Too bad he didn't drop in from a thousand feet!" This however was not a very wise remark to make, for immediately the lights came on and the whole bay was awakened and repremanded very strongly for their self-styled humor. They were told that they should be in the arms of Morphous or steps would be taken. Exit the Villain!

After this episode, of course, various unfavorable criticisms were passed upon the actions which had just taken place. Well, Sir Supersnurd made a tactical move and broke in again on the conversation very unexpectedly and suggested that if silence was not maintained, close order drill would be in order at that late hour. Needless to say, quiet was immediately restored.**** This article was not written as a criticism, but in hopes that the other Cadets will grasp the humor involved in the episode, and any similarity to any member of this detatchment is purely coincidental. (We hope)

WIFE VS. COP

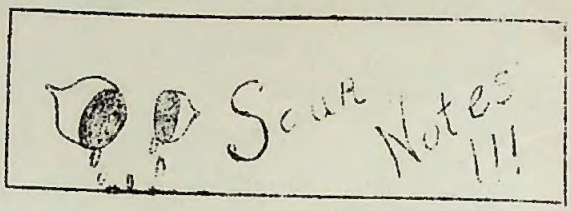
The other day as your editor's wife and her girl friend were returning from work they had an opportunity to meet the law enforcement side of Fort Worth. As they reached the corner across the street from their bus stop, there was their bus. But alas, the light was red (meaning stop in Texas). Without hesitation however, they proceded in all haste to catch their vehicle. As they boarded their bus, the long arm of the law reached out firmly grasping the culprits and halting them in their tracks.

"Why didn't you stop when I whistled" asked the officer in none too gentle a manner.

"I'm not in the habit of turning around every time someone whistles", was the immediate reply, which incidentally cost your editor the sum of one buckeroo for violating Texas traffic laws. Tell me, dear reader, what would you do with a wife like that? The morale of our story is "Even a fish wouldn't get in trouble if he kept his mouth shut". Will some kind soul bring some food to the dog house?

BRIEFING OUR OFFICERS

We start this week with Lt. Shelton, our Commandant of Cadets. By now most of you know Lt. Shelton and have found him to be very helpful toward Cadets, doing his utmost to better their "hours and wages" and also provide outside entertainment like dances. It is easy to see why Lt. Shelton understands us, for when he was our age, he too had trouble with tactical officers in the way of demerits, etc. You of the lower class will find Lt. Shelton willing to help you with any of your problems at any time as we of the upper class have found in the past.



Ah yes, here we are again, although lasts weeks column seemed to cause quite a bit of comment, can you imagine, people had enough nerve to say the jokes were Corny! Just wait till they read this weeks offerings.

Before we begin we would like to pass on an article that came to us through the under-ground, unsigned. We quote.

"Squadron commander Monica of Barracks B, the working girls Donald Duck, is still holding his own in the Mess hall romances although Vince Petruzzelli, an equally amourous character, is giving him a little stiff competition. Mr. Monica must be taking this competition seriously for he was seen last night in the Latrine douseing himself with Toilet water. We told him to use the bottle but he insisted that this was his big moment and he had to have the real thing. He undoubtedly left an impression.

*_*_*_*_*_*_*

POEM OF THE WEEK.

Life's Great Adventure

I never shall forget the day,
My mother took my hand,
And whispered, "Please be brave, son,
Today— you are a man."

She straightened out my tie for me,
And wiped my tearful eyes;
Then softly said, "Chin up, my son,
A big boy never cries!"

I thought of everything she said,
Each tiny little fact.
With quivering lips I said, "Goodbye,
Remember I'll be back."

She pointed out the way to me,
I turned to go and then,
Hastened quickly through the door—
The sign outside read MEN!

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"A women like Maisie could make a fool of you in half an hour."
"Ah, but that half an hour."

****

It takes two to make a marriage—— a girl and an anxious mother.

*_*_*_*_*_*_

MALE CALL by Milton Caniff

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS AS THEY SEAM

THE WOLF by Sansone

"Hey soldier—whatcha doin' tonight, no doubt?"

"Wouldn't you be happier dancing with someone your own size, Corporal?"

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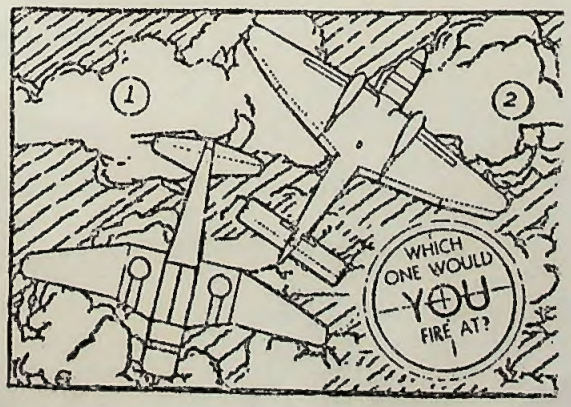
Don't throw or leave papers, boxes, tins, cans, munition cases or any refuse in the open. They should be concealed or buried as they indicate activity in the area.

Flashlights and matches should never be lighted outdoors at night in a combat area. Such lights serve the enemy as well as a beacon does a pilot.



ARE YOU
RESPONSIBLE ?
DON'T CASH IN
THAT WAR BOND

AN INSTRUCTOR'S LAMENT

My student is a headache I do not want
He maketh me lie down at night very weary.
He leadeth me biside high tension wires
He destroyeth my spirit!

Yea, though I fly on the clearest of days
I fear much evil, for he is with me.
Should he graduate, still must I suffer,
For others will follow him.

Surely headaches and misery shall follow
me all the days of my life
And I shall dwell in the shadow of ground
loops and dumbells forever.

He sipped the nectar from her lips
As beneath the moon they sat
And he wondered if any other man
Had ever drunk from a mug like that.

TIME PASSES FAST

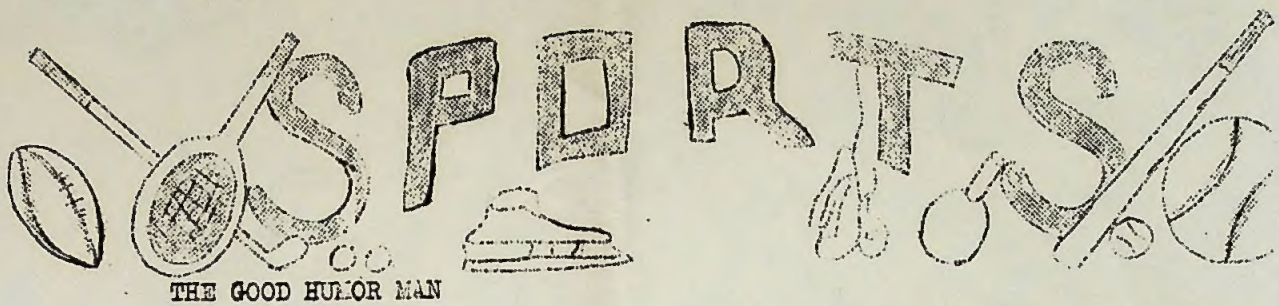
Gather your kisses while you may
For time brings only sorrow.
The girls who are so free today
Are chaperones tomorrow.

LIFTED LYRIC

I feel so sorry for the guys
Who criticize and minimize
The other guys who enterprize
Has made them rise above the guys
Who criticize and minimize
The other guys.

A MORON'S LETTER

I want to be where you is
Instead of where I be
For when I are where you are not
That ain't no place for me.
I used to think the world was great
But now I know it ain't
For you have gone where I aren't
And left me where you isn't.



THE GOOD HUMOR MAN

The news that Cpl. Henry (Zeke) Bonura, that great bif man from the souf' with the great big grin on his mouf', is the most popular GI in North Africa, is good news, forsooth, to all who remember the dear, dead days of long ago when Zeke was hitting home runs and kicking ground balls around in Chicago, Washington and the town of New York.

Bonura was awarded the Legion of Merit for "exceptionally meritorious conduct" in organizing and conducting a successful sports program in the Mediterranean area and soldiers there said that no one in that neck of the woods had done more to save them from going nuts with boredom than good old Zeke, the good humor man from New Orleans.

Zeke always was a lovable guy. They started to love him in New Orleans the minute he deserted his Mealy Street banana stand and took to flailing the air with a bat. Jimmy Dykes, manager of the Chicago White Sox, loved him too, and almost swallowed his cigar in remorse the day he decided to sell Zeke down the river to Washington. "I hated to do it", Dykes said that dark day, "but Zeke fields like a blind bull in the moonlight."

Verily, Zeke was no Hal Chase on the hassock. When he came up to the Sox from New Orleans, he placed a dime on first base and he never moved off it again. When a line drive came whistling his way, Zeke would lunge at the pill like an elderly lady chasing a tramp with a broom. Then he'd turn around and wave his glove hoplessley as the ball shot past him into the right field gardens..

He never lost his good humor, though, and he never lost his spirit. Dykes recalls one day when Zeke dropped a fly ball, kicked a grounder into left field and messed up a force play at third, then pounded his glove and yelled across the diamond: "Ata go, gang. Let's tighten up out here."

Zeke had a lot of fun playing in Washington, but Clark Griffith didn't enjoy it so much in spite of the fact that Zeke hit more home runs than anyone else on his team. So the next year found Zeke with the Giants, taking his magna cum laude in first base technique from Sweet William Terry, one of the best men first base ever saw. But, good as he was Sweet William couldn't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear like old Zeke and soon the good humor man was playing out his string with the Cubs, headed back to the bushes.

Then he was drafted. He plastered a grin on his face and went to work organizing service teams both at home and abroad. In North Africa, he whipped up a baseball schedule, saw that his men got equipment, then staged a Tunisian World Series. Later he brought fights, football and even camel races to the GI's on the desert. In fact, he did everything but play first base himself.

"You see", he explained. "I'm not as fast as I once was. I don't think I could get out of the way of them line drives anymore."

FOOTBALL CLASSIC

Yesterday during the afternoon PT period the upper class took on the lower class in a rough and ready game of football that see-sawed back and forth until the uppermen scored on a long pass from Ray Piper to Vince Petruzzelli. It wasn't long until they had piled up two more scores on passes by Bill Pryor and a run by Andy Montanaro, who also turned in a good job of rushing. The final score was 18 - 0, but proved to be good practice for the upper class, as their interflight competition is about to begin in another week or so. Then too, it was the lower classes' first game.